

Unfinished business [WIP] by heramew

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Summary:

Post S1, kind of AU where agent Frazier didn't die, and the "bad people" are trying to get help from Karen Wheeler.

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"She looks like a deer caught in the headlights."

"She is a deer caught in the headlights."

Silence.

Connie Frazier turned to her superior.

"Is she?"

Dr Brenner kept staring at Karen Wheeler through the tinted glass of the cold interrogation room.

"She worries about her kid."

Frazier shrugged and sighed, slightly irritated by the woman's behaviour.

"Don't we all?"

He shook his head.

"If you had kids, you would understand."

That was a low blow for Frazier. They both knew it but she remained silent. Brenner didn't really know much about his agent's personal life, but she always made clear that it had nothing to do with children.

"Let me talk to her," Connie asked. "She's the kind of woman who won't talk in front of a man. Just remember how she behaved with her husband when we questioned them together."

The doctor eventually turned his head. Frazier was looking at him, arms folded against her chest, her eternal icing look reaching his eyes. He remembered when she joined the team, years ago. He remembered what the other staff members said about her. That she would turn anyone into stone only with a brief eye contact. *Medusa*. Another freak in the circus.

That was what seduced him. She was different in every ways. He looked at Mrs Wheeler again.

"Go ahead."

Connie wrapped her fingers around the door handle.

"I'm taking her to the rest room. Please, don't interrupt us."

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As she wrapped a blanket around Karen's shoulders, Connie heard her moaning softly.

"Now," the agent said, sliding a hot cup of coffee between Karen's fingers, "I need you to listen to me. Is that okay, Mrs Wheeler?" Karen raised her head. The warm voice didn't match the freezing eyes. "Mrs Wheeler?"

Karen gritted her teeth.

"You said it was over," Connie arched an eyebrow. "you said that you would help us to find my son if we cooperated. We did, and he's safe now. So what am I doing here?"

The agent took a deep breath and sat next to Mike's mother.

"Listen, I know all this seems weird, but we do really need your help again."

"My help? You're asking me for my *help*? After everything you've done to us? To our families? To Hawkins?! I'm surprised that no one has already thrown you in jail!"

"The girl." Frazier cut her short. "She's still missing."

"So what? It's your problem! Even though I believe that she's ways safer away from you, you monsters!"

"Your son is the last person who has spoken to the girl."

"Oh no. Ooooooh no! Don't you *dare* involving my son in your nasty,

disgusting... *business!* And don't tell me you've been keeping me here two days to ask *me* to help *you!* You are the ones to blame! You... you could have killed him! My son!"

Connie stood up and faced her, folding her arms again.

"Mrs Wheeler. I need you to calm down."

"Really?! And after that, you're going to offer me your '*help*' ? Like you did last time?"

"We need your son." And as Frazier moved towards the door, Karen shouted and threw her cup at the agent. Connie turned her head at the wrong moment and the hard ceramic hit her nose, followed by an unbearable sensation of burning all over her body. Connie suffocated for a second, completely astonished by the what just happened. She opened her mouth and touched her nose, where a thin line of blood trickled from her nostril. Mrs Wheeler suddenly burst into tears.

"Oh my god! I'm so sorry, so sorry! I didn't mean to do that I swear! I'm so sorry..."

Connie brushed her face and contemplated the blood on her fingers before feeling Karen's tissue pressing against her face. "I'm so sorry..." She couldn't hold her tears, panting against Connie as she wiped the blood away, and the agent felt suddenly an immense pity for that woman.

"It... It's okay Mrs Wheeler."

Karen burst again and crashed her head onto her shoulder, sobbing.

"No it's not! You're going to arrest me for that and send me to jail!"

Frazier swallowed hard and remained silent, pressing awkwardly Karen against her. Even if she could have arrested her for assaulting a federal agent, the entire team would have been in trouble to the extent that keeping Mrs Wheeler here was, well, totally illegal.

"Listen,"

"Please! Don't tell my husband! I'd do anything but -"

"Hey, hey," Connie cut her short and pushed her gently away from her shoulder. "We won't say anything if you promise to help us."

As she spoke, the agent cupped Karen's face and forced her to meet her eyes. "Is that a deal?"

Mrs Wheeler opened her mouth and tried to say something. Frazier didn't move, waiting for an answer.

The answer took a few seconds to come, and was certainly not the one Connie expected. Or at least, was not the *kind* of answer she was prepared for.

She felt Karen's lips pressed against her own, her tongue making its way between them, licking her bottom lip and gently nibbling her pale skin. Frazier closed her eyes for a moment. She felt Wheeler's fingers running along her cheek, tangling softly into her blonde hair. Eventually, Connie ended the kiss, resting her panting mouth only a few inches away from the other woman.

Karen removed carefully her hand until the tip of her last finger let go of Frazier's hair. The agent looked literally frozen as Mrs rested her hand on her forearm.

"I'm sorry." The slow, genuine apology contrasted with the previous hurried and panicked one.

Even after a thorough internal thinking, the federal agent never really understood what triggered her next move; she couldn't decide between the quasi-imperceptible smirk that flicked Karen's lips corners, the breaking wave of all the feelings she had left behind her career, or simply because it was the first and only hint of tenderness she has received in more than three weeks.

It might just have been all of this at once, but Connie didn't really care as she pinned the brunette against the wall, both hands on her breasts and her mouth stuck against hers again. Karen made a strange puppy-like noise and slid her hastily her fingers through the blonde hair before moving closer to the other woman, seeking for warmth.

Connie slid her hands along Wheeler's hips. One of them rested on her waist while the other made its way between Karen's legs. She moaned softly as she felt two fingers sliding under her skirt. The agent giggled. She could feel her breath warming her jaw as her eyelashes brushed her cheek.

The fingers slid under her knickers, and Karen groaned loudly. The

agent laughed and pinned the brunette harder against the wall. Two fingers slid into her all the way, and Karen let out a high-pitched cry, contracting her inner muscles around Connie's hand without meaning to. She swallowed hard and tried to prevent her hips from rocking compulsively against Frazier's body, but she couldn't help herself. Connie squeezed her breast with her free hand. Her mouth dropped to her neck as Karen tilted her head back against the wall.

[...]

Author's Note:

Sorry for not finishing this story :/
If you liked it, please leave a review so I know if it's worth it to finish it :)